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# THE LEHIGH BURR



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE AN ICE POND  
TO STUDY FOR THE BIOLOGY FINAL

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# READ THE BURR

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Treat yourself to some pleasure and read the Burr.

It's one of the real depression and blues chasers. Take a copy with you to an exam and see how long they let you keep it. Before you are comfortably seated, a proctor will rush up and exclaim "Let me have that Burr!" That's how anxious HE is to read it. YOU can have the same enjoyment.

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# READ THE BURR

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Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool, completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

Imported Farm Assistant: "There was a mouse in the bucket of milk."

Farmer: "Did you take it out?"

Assistant: "No, sir; but I put the cat in."

—Wampus

—BURR—

## EXAMS

Exams come but twice a year—

Damn the time, they seem so near;

No more dates and no more beer—

Exams are foremost, nothing's peer.

—BURR—

First Football Star: Is this here blowout at Bill's going to be formal?

Second Football Star: Yeh. You better wear a tie.

—Log

—BURR—

And four out of every five women-haters are women.

—Beanpot

Sam: "Mah wife done hit me wid a oak leaf."

Bill: "Whah did she find dat oak leaf, Sam?"

Sam: "Right in de middle ob de dining room table."

—Mountain Goat

—BURR—

The bride was very much concerned at seeing twin beds in the bridal suite.

"What's the matter dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought we were going to get a room all to ourselves."

—Dirge

—BURR—

#### FLIRTATIONS

A cautious look around he stole,  
His bag of chink he chunk;  
And many a wicked smile he smole,  
And many a wink he wunk.

—Medley

—BURR—

A woman is as old as she looks; a man is old when he stops looking.

—Ski-U-Mah

—BURR—

Botany Prof: "When do leaves begin to turn?"

Voice from the rear: "The night before final exams."

—Wampus

—BURR—

Our London correspondent tells us that the golden-haired girls over there are becoming platinum since England abandoned the gold standard.

—N. D. Juggler



**"have  
you  
heard—**

that there's still time to win \$3000? It seems that COLLEGE HUMOR and Farrar and Rinehart have extended the annual Campus Prize Novel Contest, and the new closing date is June 30th, 1932!"

"Wonderful! I wanted to enter, but last summer was so hectic—"

"I know. That's just what happened to me. By the way, the rules have been changed, too. The new ones are in the current issue. Let's run around the corner and get a copy and look 'em over."

"Oke . . . I feel this way about it—if Betty White and Cleo Lucas can do it, we can do it!"

**College Humor's  
Campus Prize Novel  
Contest  
has been extended  
to JUNE 30, 1932**

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A stranger applied at the police station for a lodging, and when asked his name, replied that it was Smith.

"Give me your real name," he was ordered.

"Well," replied the applicant, "Put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better" the officer told him. "You can't bluff me with the Smith stuff."

—BURR—

Julia Scatterbrain—(watching man punching the bag)—Is that your inter-collegiate boxing champion?

Joe College—Naw, that's just our house president getting in training for study period.

—BURR—

On an ocean liner in a storm, things are on the "ulp" and "ulp".

## Announcing

Orders for official Lehigh Blazers will be taken at the Supply Bureau starting Monday, February 8th.

Deposit required, \$4.00.

Balance, \$3.25,  
when delivered.

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TAILORING CO.**

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Jim: "Say, can you tell me why there are fewer railroad accidents than automobile accidents?"

Joe: "Well, perhaps not exactly, but I think it is because the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman."

—BURR—

One hears a great deal about absent minded professors, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said soothingly as he applied the pliers to his automobile, under which he lay, "Now, this is going to hurt just a little."

—BURR—

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.



# EXAMINATIONS



Study the inevitable of college,  
Work the advancement of man,  
Research the basis of knowledge,  
Marks from the final exam.

We're forced by the latter damn thing  
To burn the midnight oil,  
While into our heads we're cramming  
What would make bright heads boil.

And we lacking brilliance by nature  
Must work until it hurts,  
But our vote in legislature  
Would be a unanimous "Aw nerts".

## A QUIZZICAL STORY

One fall night, as the moon shone bright,  
 A young man slept and dreamed;  
 He dreamt he'd go to Lehigh  
 On the morrow as it seemed.

He slept quite well, till daylight fell,  
 Then suddenly he awoke;  
 Because he knew the dream was true  
 He'd soon be there and broke.

Now time went fast, till Christmas passed,  
 And then his smile was sad,  
 He knew he'd have to work and sweat  
 To keep the news from Dad.

The first quiz came, t'was a shame  
 The darn thing was so easy  
 He knew that he had passed it off  
 His smile was light and breezy.

One more he took, but now his look  
 Was surely one of horror;  
 He knew it knocked him for a loop  
 And there was more tomorrow.

He began to swear, and tore his hair,  
 As in his book he gazed;  
 He worked and crammed for his last stand  
 Till he was surely crazed.

He took the quiz, the poor dumb dizz,  
 His reasoning called it flunk;  
 So he grabbed his dink and turned away  
 Be darned he'd get him drunk.

As down the street he dragged his feet,  
 On the road to get his grog;  
 To pal on the right he told his plight,  
 It was his dear old dog.

The poor dog sighed and damn near cried,  
 How monstrous was his sorrow;  
 But after twenty beers or so,  
 They slept into the morrow.

Speaking of Doc. Jekyll and  
 Mr. Hyde, wait till you see the  
 change in any Lehigh man during  
 finals and at the mid-semester  
 dances.

—BURR—

## EXAMS

"The time has gone",  
 Said Dean McConn,  
 "To talk of many things".  
 "Of plays and shifts  
 And delayed pledgeships,  
 And all your social things".

"The time is here",  
 Said P. E. Schwartz,  
 "To hit your finals hard".  
 So he merrily showed  
 A schedule sheet  
 That set the boys agog.

Two weeks in which  
 To prove your mettle,  
 To pay back all old scores.  
 To show your Prof  
 That he was nerts  
 To send that valentine.

So fill your pipes,  
 And ope' your books,  
 And con that awful math.  
 Stay up too late,  
 And wrap your heads  
 In towels cool and soothing.

And Freshmen, burn  
 The midnight-oil,  
 Ner' chance you'll get again.  
 For if you flunk,  
 You'll take a train  
 Back to old Bohunk.



## JUST IMAGINE!

There's a new car coming out without a name  
It runs on air and is wrapped in cellophane.  
It doesn't have an accelerator, it would be of no use  
There is no engine so there isn't any juice.  
This car is driven entirely by whisper control  
You just whisper a destination and off you go.  
The wheels and body were omitted to cut down the  
cost

It's the car for all classes from messenger to boss.  
The new car is invisible as you can see .  
Which makes it impossible to wrap 'round a tree.  
All pedestrians should be warned without delay  
When nothing is coming jump out of the way.



“WHY PROFESSOR PHILLPOTTS. IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!”





Douglass Brigham

# THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLIV

JANUARY, 1932

NO. 5

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Issued during the college year by the students of Lehigh University in the following months: September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May and June.

Subscription. Two and a Quarter Dollars.

The Lehigh Burr is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

PRINTED BY THE LEHIGH PRINTING COMPANY, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

## COMPETITORS

Goodrich  
Louer  
Normen  
Reed

Steinberg

Bomert  
Chickering  
Colbaugh  
Delano



## “---And Anthony Flunked His Exams!”

Every one examines us. On the day we are born we must be examined and proclaimed a bouncing baby and even after we are dead we must have our post mortem. Doctors, dentists, insurance agents, credit investigators, census takers, lawyers, our girl friends, your girl friends, and our profs, all take a whack at examining us at sometime or another. Of course we have all grown accustomed to such things and are no longer perturbed by the seeming audacity of some of the investigations, and joyfully take our own turn at examining others.

The approaching exam period is not exactly an attractive thing for us to look forward to and because of this there is a danger that we will get a wrong impression of exams in general. These things called exams go to make up a greater part of our lives than we generally realize and it is important that we learn to see them in their best light and come to fully appreciate them and look forward to them. Just to show you how interesting some exams can be whether you pass them or not, we are going to delve into the past and show you much fun can be gotten from what may very properly be called exams of one kind or another.

One of the most interesting experimenters of all time was Cleopatra, woman of fame, and ruler of provinces in the far east or west, according to which way you travel. The best side of her extensive experimentation has ordinarily been covered up by a mess of historical facts, but we shall try to lift off this cover of mud and

see the high lights in their true aspect.

You see it was like this. Cleopatra heard tell of this guy Anthony and what a big shot he was and how very very powerful he was and she says “Tsk, Tsk, — what a man. I must try him on my piano.” Now Cleopatra was a terribly bashful woman about doing anything that might get on to the scandal sheets and for many days and weeks she pondered on the best way to entice Anthony to her courts in the least conspicuous manner. It doesn’t matter to us much how she happened to come to the final method, but the fact is that she did eventually write him a letter. She had been hearing more and more about this guy Anthony all the time and when she wrote — well she wrote with great digital facility. The letter remains to this day and as it is held as such a classic we shall repeat the whole of it.

Like this she writes, “Oh Anthony, I have heard such tall tales about you. How exciting. I am all phenosipated (editorial comment: phenosipated is an oriental term equivalent to our form, hot and bothered). Won’t you please, Mister Anthony, come down the Nile to my house and be my guest at a house party I am giving on board my yacht, the ‘Clap-trap’, the week-end of the 29th?”

Now Anthony was very very cagey along with being a very very powerful man, and since he had been framed several times before, he investigated through Helen Worth’s advice column and checked up with the diaries of his late Uncle Caeser who had known the gal and had even married her

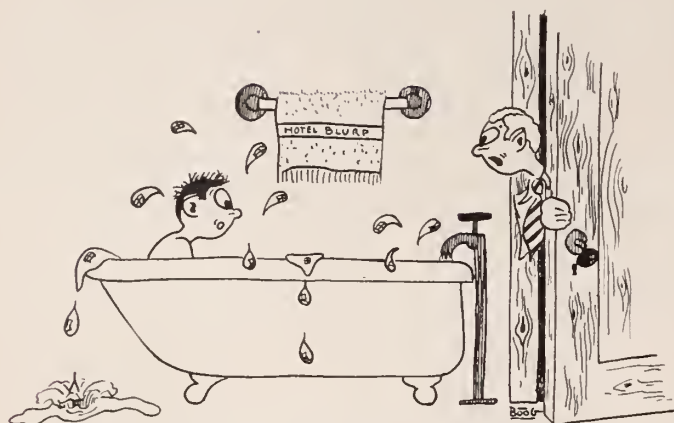
once upon a time. Everything turned out to be hotsy-totsy and lumpy dory so Anthony cabled a reply in the affirmative, we mean Assyrian, saying he would be right down in his best dinner Toga (the one without gravey spots on it), and that he wanted nothing more than to try some of her horse radish that he had heard so much about.

So Anthony prepared to spend an hour with Cleopatra. He sent his wife to the Roman Coney Island for a vacation, assigned three provinces for his army to mess around with while he was gone, packed his club bag, paid off his landlord, told his friends he was going on a political tour towards the ast, and headed for the Nile.

So Anthony went to spend an hour with Cleopatra. He was royally entertained. The reception appalled him by its splendor. The sumptuous feast that was prepared quite satisfied his Roman appetite and after, he was rather stuccoed with the wines that were set before him, he passed out. Cleopatra’s first experiment was completed and Anthony had flunked his first exam. He couldn’t hold up under the strain.

Some strong salts were tied beneath his snuzzle and Anthony soon came too. After a little Egyptian entertainment he felt like himself again. Anthony and Cleopatra then had a lengthy bull session exchanging current scandals, “quips wit jucks wit smat crecks.” This had lasted for some time when Anthony finally gave vent to that world famous crack, “Cleopatra, I didn’t come here to talk. He had made that arduous journey for his health — or how

(Continued on Page 26)



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE TUB?"  
 "I'M STUDYING FOR MY HYDRAULICS  
 EXAM."

—BURR—

### WHY WORRY?

Starting next Monday at eight o'clock  
 Many a white collar will be pretty red hot.  
 Men will wander 'round with frowns on their brows,  
 Trying to recall the why, wherefores and hows.  
 Your friends will look through you and on through  
 the wall,  
 As they pace back and forth and up and down the  
 hall.

II

This torture will keep up for a week or so,  
 Then all of a sudden all hell will let go.  
 The end of exams will go to their head,  
 The poor devils from Lehigh will paint the town red.  
 Every Tom, Dick and Harry will jump at the  
 chance,  
 Even the Sigma Nu's are giving a dance.

III

Why not dream of your best girl and blow smoke  
 Why think of the suffering the near future brings,  
 rings?  
 These exams just won't last so long,  
 And immediately following are wine, women and  
 song.

—BURR—

"See the beautiful virgin pines."  
 "Yeah, and I know what she's pining for."  
 —Puppet.

### READ THIS

Attention! Students — if there is one at Lehigh. This paragraph may not look imposing and may let your attention wander to the cartoon of a couple mushers on the opposite page, but it is of all importance to you. If you must look at the pictures first, do so, and then come back—or don't come back. We don't care. This is a plea to the students of our university to do no studying. It has been discovered over the week end by the various departmental heads of our school that studying is injurious. Did you ever stop to think that the more you study, the more you forget, and the more you forget the less you know; so why study. On the other hand the less you study, the less you forget, and the less you forget the more you know: so again why study. We studied once for a quiz in Trigonometry. Every day—all day, every night—all night, for two weeks we studied; and learned every problem we had ever seen cold. The quiz asked for a definition of Trigonometry. We've never studied since. If you study "who is when" for Philosophy, Dr. Hews will ask you "why is what," or vice versa. Now listen, or if you are biting your nails for your date tonight, go ahead biting them. That's the point we want to put across—keep on doing what you are doing now and you can't go wrong. Dissipation and movies, we are finally led to believe, are builders of character and distinctive personalities. When you get home, pa will simply say, "glad you flunked out, son. You can help run the business."

Respectfully submitted,

Dean "Maxie" McConn

Dean "Smiley" Curtis

—Columns

—BURR—

### YOU GUESS

I'm a thing all covered with silver,  
 I'm a thing to whom you deliver  
 Things with potent fragrant smells,  
 Things that bespeak a thousand hells.

I at night reflect the moon beams,  
 And in the day the hot sun streams  
 On my surface round and stiff,  
 And yet I never seem to shift.

I fill the air with my rare fragrance  
 The like of which has ne'er been seen since;  
 I fulfill a want of man,  
 For I am just a garbage can.

## DID'JA EVER?

Did'ja ever  
 Get the unnatural  
 Luck of having  
 A sweet exam schedule,  
 Your five exams  
 Being given  
 The first four days,  
 So ya planned  
 A ten day party  
 In New York with the roomie,  
 An' he fixed up  
 A date for ya  
 With his sweetie's  
 Roomie,  
 Who was a Boston debutante  
 An' a knockout blonde;  
 An' all the plans  
 Were set  
 An' everything looked perfect,  
 An' then  
 Ya found out  
 Ya hadn't exempted M. S. and T.  
 Afterall,  
 Which would knock all the plans  
 For a loop;  
 An' ya nearly went  
 Haywire.  
 So ya called off the date;  
 An' then at the  
 Last minute  
 The captain  
 Fixed it up so ya  
 Wouldn't have to take the exam,  
 So ya stayed  
 In Bethlehem during mid-semes-  
 ters  
 An' took Mayme  
 To see Tom Mix again.  
 Did'ja ever?

—BURR—

Co-ed: "Gee, you know that course I thought I was going to fail? Well, I didn't; I passed it."

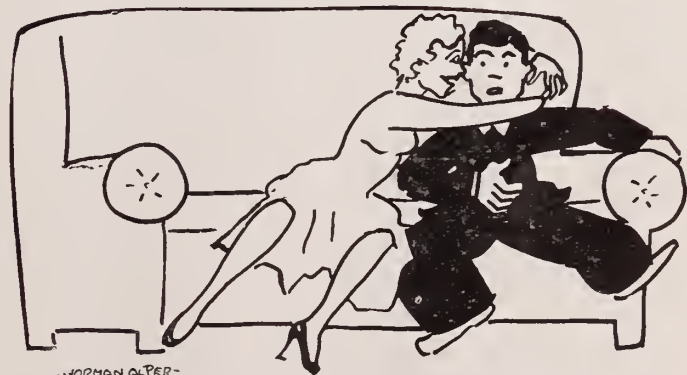
Second: "How did you do it? Did you give the prof a date?"

Co-ed: "Naw, I studied."

## ALPHABET OF EXAMINATIONS

A—is for Algebra—the Freshmen's delight;  
 B—is for Boning—we do every night.  
 C—for our Cuts—very little to see,  
 D—for Danger—you might need a Re.—  
 E—for Effort—not known through the year,  
 F—the Fun we had drinking beer.  
 G—is for Gloats from the profs so fair  
 H—is for Hell, where we wish they were.  
 I—is for Interest, practically none;  
 J—is for Joke, the marks will con.  
 K—is for Kill—unfair exam—  
 L—that Louse who made it out—damn.  
 M—for Mining—Hy, they sink.  
 N—for Neville—Chemical jinx.  
 O—the Opening through which we dive;  
 P—the Pass—God help me strive.  
 Q—the Quizzes we flunked all year,  
 R—the Reason. There's none, I fear.  
 S—the Shot in the dark we take,  
 T—the Trouble the damn things make.  
 U—the poor fish going to college,  
 V—the Vim with which U strive for knowledge.  
 W—Why are we here?  
 X—The answer—some real good beer.  
 Y—the Yip we'll make  
 when, —Z— end, we jump in the lake.

—BURR—



—NORMAN GULER—

"YOU MAY CALL IT WRESTLING, BUT —  
 AH — CALLS IT LOVE."



## Looking Around

As we sit here and think of the great approaching Examinations it fills us with a great sadness because we can not help, but think of those old familiar faces that are sure to leave us. This time is like the times gone by, when epidemics would hit the community. We never know who will be taken from us next. Shed a tear with us for those who are about to leave our midst. From time to time as we read, we come upon what we consider particularly expressive passages, who is this one, "Thumping dismally on the back of an out-raged horse." Sounds like the first day out with a pack train.

Did you know that the steel people of this steel town of ours are inveterate gamblers? We are told that no bridge is never played unless there are stakes of some kind. One of the best stories of higher finance that we have heard concerns Flannigan and a Freshman. It seems that the frosh had something in a bottle in his drawer and Flannigan, thinking that it was not proper, confiscated the bottle. After a search the youth discovered the bottle and changed its contents for water. Then, in Flannigan's presence, he said that he had a quart that he was willing to sell for a dollar. Flannigan said that he would buy it and quickly put the bottle back where he had gotten it from in the first place. A little later the frosh gave him the bottle and received the dollar. Net profit, ONE DOLLAR. Here is the story that came out of the D. U. fire. The fraters of Chi Psi hearing cries of fire all rushed out of the house to get a closer view, with the exception of "Doubter" Dakin. He called up the D. U. house and Lou Brennesholtz fought his way through the smoke and flames to answer the phone. Dakin asked, "Is there a fire down there?" Lou said, "Sure, sure, come on down it's a good one, \* \* \* Say, what the hell do you want, a written invitation?" Did you know that the Chi Phi House is supposed to be the driest on the campus? Our maestro at the head of the Bus. Admin Dept. says that it is impossible to fill the gas tank on a Cadillac V16 if the engine is running. From what we can gather he is the only man in the world that could do anything to relieve the economic conditions of the world at the present time. We wish he would stop hiding his light under a bushel so our allowance would pick up.

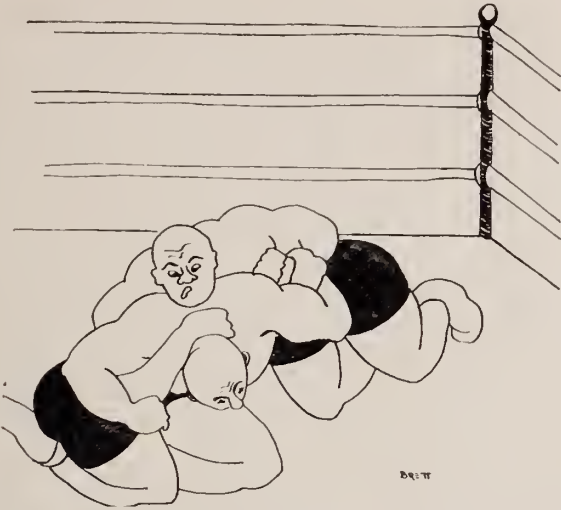
The A. T. O.'s are considering building an annex since the passing of John Drake's Emporium has robbed them of a parlor. Exam time brings with it the usual increased consumption of cigarettes and black coffee. Wish we had more time for this Strength and Stiffness course, so sayeth the engineer—Lou Brennesholtz has lost his appetite, virility, and poise—Why? all because of a fair damsel. Oh, Kay! certain Beta ran into a speakey at home to find his Dad chinning himself on the bar. A near-riot ensued. Sporting Blood (guess who?) now operates on a cooperative basis, since going into a life partnership over the holidays.

Go up to the Sigma Nu hut sometime and see the girlish exhibit in a certain captain-elect's room. The Allen-stadt sheet announces that the same he-man is "popular with town and gown" whatever could that mean? the whole Kappa Sig crew must migrate in full force to Reading on weekends, since a dozen or more were afraid that the "designing K. Sig" in last issue referred to him! can hardly wait 'till the next Review comes out.

—French is certainly a fine language to take, especially when you learn that "sec" on champagne bottles means dry. Mmmm! very elevating with 1932 here, Gandhi promises to start with a clean sheet. Who can this O'Brien girl that Mort dates in A-town? the name O'Brien is very Yiddish! Walter Windshield, another good columnist

Walter Windshield, another good columnist and snooper, does a fine job over the radio. especially some of his names, as Rudy Vallee and the Great Gabbo, etc. A certain math prof reminds one of the Frankenstein monster. did he flunk you, too? the article "Abolish Fraternities?" in the February College Humor should not be passed up. That's that! the Bryn Athyn flash, Doering, has been dubbed Skunk, because of his "hands off" attitude with local debts. Bill Shanker, the big meanie, has an assault and battery suit on his hands, as a result of a Lehigh Lodge brawl. who said the D. U.'s started their fire so that somebody would notice them? don't fail to hear the Four Mills Brother's record of "Tiger Rag" wonder what the bride's third disappointment will be? (from the current Slapstick) save your money! Stay in Bethlehem between semesters (tsk! tsk!)





WE DIDN'T SEND CARDS THIS YEAR, JOE;  
IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE.

—BURR—

After watching the young lady driver ahead wave her hands in three or four different directions at the intersection, the driver behind decided she was going to turn to the right and crashed into her as she changed her mind.

"Well, all I can say," said the Miss, "is that I'm sorry."

"Is that all you can say?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, then," said the man, clearing his throat, "listen to me. — ? — ? — ! ! — ? — !"

—BURR—

New arrival at a Nativity dance approaching a prospect: "You look like Helen White."

Prospect, evasively: "But I look worse in black."

—BURR—

At a conservative estimate statisticians have estimated that fraternity houses with electric radios will cut their electric bills in half during the last two weeks of January.

—BURR—

"Well I'll be damned!" said the river, as the construction company started work.

### BEASTLY!

The beauty lay helpless upon the bed while her captor strode about the room stroking his moustache nervously. Sidelong glances into the eyes of the wonderful creature near him spoke for themselves; the lovely girl would soon be completely in his power.

"Oh!" she gasped as he smiled at her, "I'm so afraid. Please give me a drink." The latter while toying with her throat.

"You women are all the same" exclaimed the smooth one with a tone that betrayed him.

Her deep breathing caused her whole body to vibrate in an unnatural rythm. As he approached the girl she closed her eyes with a grace that told him that his time had come.

The nurse handed him a knife and at the same time queried, "Shall I reduce the ether doctor?"

—BURR—

### SUCCESS

"Is that all you can say?"

"I'll get it, I'll get it", he half murmured to himself. Faster and faster he went, space followed space, a dizzy blur. A sickly smell assayed his nostrils—one of the poor chaps lay gasping, his head on his outstretched arms. No time to stop and help him. — Slow down — easy now, there's a sharp curve—cross it — over! Now check down a bit — not too fast here, easy to make the wrong curve — almost got it—gosh, how it had puzzled him. Others had tried to trace it down and failed—could it be possible that he was to succeed? He glanced about at his companions; four had fallen by the way-side, ahead, one chap was slackening pace. Now was the time to spurt HURRAY! At last "Boy that Physics graph was sure a hummer!"

Syzgy: "Awright then, wise  
guy, if you're so wise, tell me why  
a motorman can never get a  
shock, if you're so wise."  
Syzgyzygy: "Because he isn't  
a conductor, son, he isn't a con-  
ductor."



—BURR—

He who loves and runs away  
Lives to love another day.  
But, he who loves and stays, we  
know,  
Soon finds himself more than a  
"beau".

—BURR—

The "loose-ones" from Ritters-  
ville who were visited by the  
Psychology classes ought to be  
allowed to return the visit some-  
time during study period.

—BURR—



THE EARLY WORM GETS THE "BIRDIE."

Can I exempt Chemistry?  
Do you have A average?  
Sure, I have a average, dumb-ox.  
Wottaja get in your quizzes?  
Two C's and two D's.  
I thought you said you had A av-  
erage; who are you trying to  
kid?  
Don't get wise; you don't know  
what I'm talking about.

Near-sighted old lady: My,  
what a big bump on your shoulder!  
Student: Bump? That's my  
head!

—Burr—

Pal: "I just bought a Ghandi  
table."  
Ditto: "A Ghandi table! What  
is that?"  
Pal: "A table with two legs  
and no drawers."

—Burr—

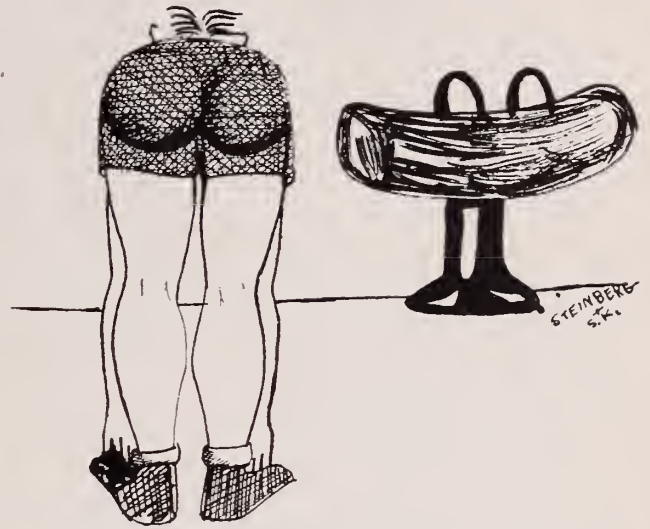
Where the blue of her eyes  
meets the gold of her hair;  
—Bing Crosby  
Where the of her  
meets the of her  
—Blankety, Blank, Blank!

—Burr—

He had such good times with  
the girls in New York this Christ-  
mas that he has "accepted" a job  
in South Africa beginning this  
Spring.

—Burr—

He who drinks and can carry his  
beer  
Is honored by lots of mourners at  
his bier.



WORKING, WITH AN END IN VIEW

Clerk of the Court: (administering the oath.) "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

Blondie: "You won't ask my age will you?"

—BURR—

Then, of course, there was the rancher's daughter and the cow-puncher who loped on a horse.

—BURR—

Fraternities alight—  
Men studying.  
Frosh burning oil—  
Writings home.

Cold towels—  
All hours.  
Black coffee—  
Eats man.

New glasses—  
More books.  
New pencils—  
And paper.

Filing reports—  
Late themes—  
More drawings—  
Poetry work.

Red applying—  
Ready cash.  
Conferences—  
Despair.

Study hard—  
Final cramming.  
Close books—  
Off to bed.

Sunny day—  
Nice and warm.  
Damn exam—  
Let's scam.

February 5—  
Not so good.  
Gosh, I passed—!  
Two more beers!

## OH ROOM-MATE

That room-mate of mine before exams,

Was never in studying, he had other plans.

He went to all parties and dances in town

He was continually running around.

Not a night did he study throughout the year,

He would rather celebrate and spread good cheer.

But since the exams things have changed a great deal.

It is hard to explain the emotions I feel.

My room-mate is at school in the old room all alone

While I sit here wondering and thinking at home.

—BURR—

All my exams  
Seem to be mixed up.  
First I go Monday,  
Then I stop.

Start again Wednesday  
Only to halt—  
Here again Saturday,  
Isn't my fault.

So into next week  
I labor in vain.  
Unlucky am I  
No vacation this term.

See other fellows  
Courting their gals—  
While I have to struggle  
Burning the oil.

But maybe someday  
I'll get me a break,  
An' have 'em all over  
The first of the week.

An' when I do—  
You may be darned sure  
I won't waste my time  
Hangin' 'round here.



# The Cold Dope

by Martin Reed



**CAPTAIN SHANKER**

Now's the time to be feeling glad. Coach Billy Sheridan and his coterie of tug and lug men are again performing for us in their own inimitable style. Star wrestlers may come and star wrestlers may go but Wee Billy's winning teams seem to go on forever.

Rival coaches marveled at Coach Sheridan's ability to annually whip into shape championship or near-championship teams. Many of them covet the Lehigh mentor's formula for success; but, in searching for their Holy Grail, they usually pass over it because of its very obviousness. Two-thirds of Billy Sheridan's success can be attributed to his personality. No coach was ever more respected by his men than is Lehigh's canny little Scotchman. The cool, crisp vitality that sparkles from the man's eyes, the calm,

even temper which is scarcely ever roused beyond a point of righteous indignation, and the quick, clean sense of humor which has soothed many a temperamental wrestler, make men on the wrestling squad willing to work their heads off for Billy.

Athletically, Lehigh men are a tragic lot before the first dual wrestling meet and after the intercollegiates draw a curtain over the mats. Other sports usually give us no more than a long series of humiliating defeats. Wrestling lifts us into the clouds. What other reaction could be expected? It might be very nice if we could say that it isn't merely because of the defeats that we are consistently glum during other seasons; but, if we sought for the stimulus of the gloom in anything else we would have to be exceedingly imaginative and idealistic. Regardless of the code of ethics which applies to good losers and all that sort of thing, there is something satisfying about a victory which cannot be found in a loss.

Coaching wrestling at Lehigh this year hasn't been the easiest thing a man can do these winter afternoons. The state developed a conscience over night and, deciding to become motherly, spread its wing over college wrestling. The wing, however, was alive with hopping, biting, little fleas and was, likewise, very odoriferous. Consequently, the colleges have flown the coup and are raising every manner of objection to the state's "divine" guidance. Lehigh, after procrastinating for months, indignantly transferred

the Nassau meet to Princeton.

The whole affair has been a source of annoyance to Billy Sheridan and his team. Luckily, the thing hasn't assumed large enough proportions to have a psychological effect upon the morale of the Brown and White squad, but the entire affair of state control is a spectator constantly hanging over the shoulders of the coach.

Of more serious consequence, materially, was the loss of Captain Meyer Shanker because of scholastic difficulties. Shanker was a likely candidate for the intercollegiate 175-lb. crown so his loss up until this second semester was a stiff blow, coming, as it did, before the opening of the season. It is almost a certainty that he will be off probation after this semester; so, he will be eligible to compete in the last five dual meets and in the intercollegiates at Syracuse.

(Continued on Page 27)



**COACH SHERIDAN**



Great Minds . . . . .





By C. Brooks Peters

Once more examinations, and consequently from three to ten days of vacation for everyone. A few suggestions on how, and where, to pass the resultant hours of laxity are pertinent, and follow:

#### In Bethlehem

**Hotel Bethlehem:** Dancing from nine to twelve each Saturday night, inexpensively and enjoyably.

#### In Allentown

**Hotel Americus:** Art Meckley and his orchestra on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. A good mixing crowd.

**Hotel Traylor:** Dancing on Saturday night with Bud Rader supplying the music.

**Mealy's:** The famous auditorium for lonesome Lehigh men, with the best orchestras available to this locality. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from nine till twelve.

#### In Philadelphia

**Pierre** (on 69th Street): Doc. Hyder and his Southernaires playing nightly for dinner and supper dancing. Couvert, weekdays, 50 cents, Saturdays, 75 cents. Monday night is College Night, and is much fun.

**The Studio Dansant:** Should you be alone in Philadelphia and desire, shall we say, companionship, drop in at 1830 Market Street and listen to the peppy orchestra play. Interesting.

**Hotel Pennsylvania:** Dinner and supper dancing each evening in delightful surroundings, yet with no mental apprehension of the "L'addition." Doc. Daugherty and his Pennsylvanians make the noise. College night, it's a habit in Philly, Friday.

#### In New York

**Central Park Casino:** Eddy Duchins orchestra, the finest yet evolved, playing for tea, dinner, and supper dancing. Morton Downey singing for sup-

per. One of the least expensive, but most delightful, places for tea dancing; but, beware of evening attendance, for the financial undertaking becomes great, and the crowd poor.

**Waldorf-Astoria** (Empire Room): Expensive! Must dress and listen to Russ Columbo. Yet the surroundings somewhat alleviate this scourge.

**Hotel Pierre** (Georgian Room): Sherbo's Continentals playing enjoyable music for a well dressed gathering of fashionable people.

**Hotel St. Regis** (Seaglades): Vincent Lopez and orchestra, Morgan and Sedano doing excellent ballroom dancing, and a distinguished clientele. One must pay for it, unfortunately.

**Roosevelt Hotel:** Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Need there be more? One reservation, however, avoid it on a Saturday night if you really purpose to dance.

**Hollywood Restaurant:** No cover charge, and the peppiest, and most revealing review in New York. Don't dress, and don't take your best girl!

**Hotel New Yorker:** Coon-Sanders and their orchestra making heat in cold weather.

**Pennsylvania Hotel:** Rudy Vallee, if you can still enjoy him, and his Connecticut Yankees. Not too expensive.

#### THEATRE (New York)

**The Bride the Sun Shines On:** Dorothy Gish and Henry Hull unravel the intricacies in a Westchester debutante's life. The curtain line of the second act kept audiences laughing, actually roaring, all summer at the Country Playhouse, Westport, Connecticut, and is doing the same on Broadway.

**Cynara:** Philip Merivale, Phoebe Foster, and Adrienne Allen in an unusual and amusing triangle, centering upon unfaithfulness.

(Continued on Page 24)

# Curazy

# Burr-owings

## ELECTRIC LOVE

If she wants a date—Meter.  
 If she comes to call—Receiver.  
 If she wants an escort—Conductor.  
 If you think she's picking your pockets—Detector.  
 If she's slow of comprehension—Accelerator.  
 If she goes up in the air—Condenser.  
 If she's hungry—Feeder.  
 If she's a poor cook—Discharger.  
 If she eats too much—Reducer.  
 If she is wrong—Rectifier.  
 If her hands are cold—Heater.  
 If she fumes ad splutters—Insulator.  
 If she wants a holiday—Transmitter.  
 If she talks too long—Interrupter.  
 If she is narrow in her views—Amplifier.

—Wampus

—BURR—

Suitor: "May I marry your daughter?"  
 Stern Father: "What is your vocation?"  
 Suitor: "I'm an actor."  
 Stern Father (angrily): "Then get out before the footlights."

—The Battalion

—BURR—

"I would like a pound of coffee please—in the bean."

"I'm sorry lady, but you will have to go up stairs.  
 This is the ground floor."

—Siren

—BURR—

A fraternity man may sometimes be up the creek,  
 but never without a paddle.

—Sun Dial

Mary had a little slam,  
 Her trumps were eight in number,  
 It would have been a pipe to make,  
 But her father was a plumber.

—Voo Doo

—BURR—

Into a chain store walked an individual much  
 the worse for a big night out, who approached the  
 counter, leaned over it, and whispered mysteriously:

"See me come in that door?"

"Yes."

"Know who I am?"

"No."

"Didja ever see me before?"

"No."

"Then howja know it was me?"

—Log

—BURR—

He: "I hear you bought some property in Reno."  
 She: "Only grounds for divorce, my dear."

—Brown Jug

—BURR—

Private: Sir, the enemy are as thick as peas.

Captain: Well, go shell them, idiot.

—Masquerader

—BURR—

The difference between a car wreck and a train  
 wreck is that the engineer isn't always hugging the  
 fireman.

—Rice Owl



# Something *New* and *Exciting*

Shortly after Mr. Machamer finished sketching this scene, four men actually fell out of the window! But as they landed on the well-cushioned seat, nobody was hurt. Thank heaven, no bloodshed stained this historic occasion—the first appearance of the new Chevrolet Six on the streets of dear old Whatsis.

And, by the way, have *you* seen the car that's causing all this furore? But that's a foolish question. Everybody has who gets around at all. It's the sensation of the season—beyond question the most stunning automobile you'll see this year. The performance is just as exciting—exceptional speed delivered with amazing smoothness and quietness. Yet prices remain as low as a gigolo's I. Q.

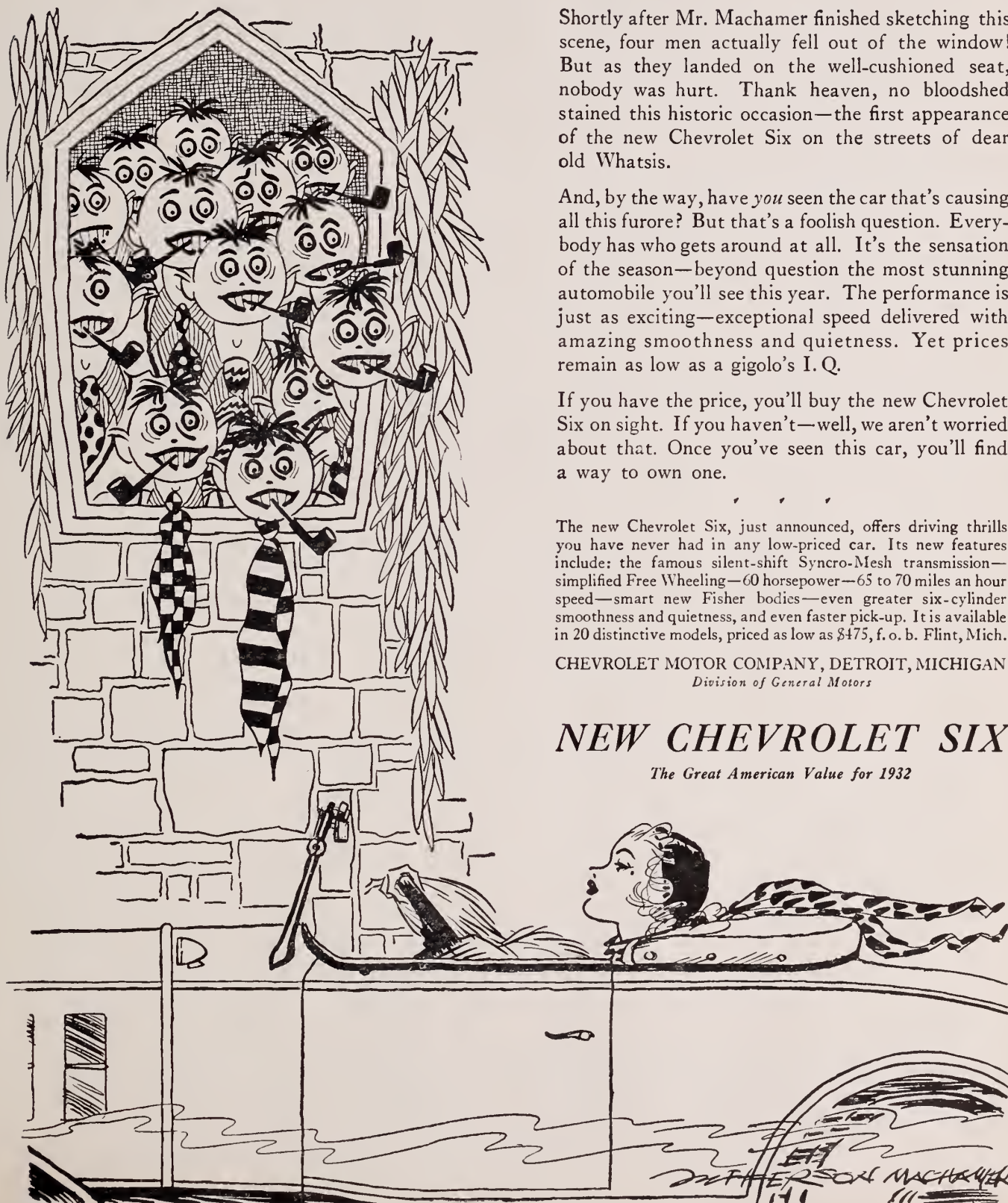
If you have the price, you'll buy the new Chevrolet Six on sight. If you haven't—well, we aren't worried about that. Once you've seen this car, you'll find a way to own one.

The new Chevrolet Six, just announced, offers driving thrills you have never had in any low-priced car. Its new features include: the famous silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission—simplified Free Wheeling—60 horsepower—65 to 70 miles an hour speed—smart new Fisher bodies—even greater six-cylinder smoothness and quietness, and even faster pick-up. It is available in 20 distinctive models, priced as low as \$475, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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### EPITAPH

Here lies the body  
Of Iceman Sam.  
He met the wife of  
Another iceman.

—Widow

—BURR—

I know hundreds and hundreds of girls  
But the dumbest is Lilian Dare,  
She thinks the Eternal Triangle  
Is something the babies wear!

—Pelican

—BURR—

"What the dickens are you doing down in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it is any of your business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—Life

How does Caroline kiss?  
Have you ever tried a tuba?

—Yellow Crab

—BURR—

The absent minded professor we'd like to meet  
is one who would lecture to his steak and cut his  
classes.

—Juggler

—BURR—

Old Lady (in bookstore)—What's that large  
book over there?

Clerk—That, madam, is "Songs the Fraternities  
Sing."

Old Lady—And what's that little book right be-  
side it?

Clerk—That's the expurgated edition.

—Purple Parrot

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Mary had a little dress,  
A tiny but and airy—  
It didn't show the dirt a bit  
But gee, how it showed Mary.

—Witt

—BURR—

"What's progress?"  
"When she stops telling you to be careful of her  
permanent."

—Wautaugan

—BURR—

Gunman: Put your hands up or I'll shoot!  
(Drunk raises one hand.)  
Gunman: Get 'em both up!  
Drunk: Hic—it's all right—I'm half shot already.

—Widow

—BURR—

The hen is immortal—her son will never set.  
—Witt

Question: Oh where, Oh where, Has My Little  
Dog Gone?

Answer: Around the corner and under a tree.

—Witt

—BURR—

"How's your new girl?"  
"Not very good."  
"You always were lucky."

—Columns

—BURR—

One He: "Don't drink any more of that. You  
have this next dance with your roommate's sister."  
Other He: "I know it—one more drink and I can  
stand it."

—Voo Doo

—BURR—

I call her "My Cigarette Lady," because I picked  
her up on the street.

—Belle Hop



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**ALLENTOWN, PENNA.**



An old gentleman was crossing a busy street when a huge police dog dashed into him, and knocked him over. The next instant an Austin skidded around the corner and bumped into him, and inflicted more severe bruises. As he was assisted to his feet by spectators, someone asked if the dog hurt him.

"Well," he replied, "Not as badly as the can he had tied to his tail."

—The Battalion

—BURR—

Mary: I know the secret of popularity.

Peg: So do I, but mother says I mustn't.

—Kansas Sour Owl

—BURR—

Kisses and rumors go from mouth to mouth.

—Skipper

## THEATRE REVIEW

(Continued from Page 19)

**Reunion in Vienna:** An opportunity to see, and greatly enjoy, the stars of the picture "The Guardsman". Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine are excellent, and the theme is of a grand passion. The only objection is to the difficulty of getting tickets.

**The Cat and the Fiddle:** A scarcity of comedy, yet some of Jerome Kern's delightful music, and a greatly improved Bettina Hall.

**The Laugh Parade:** Ed Wynn outdoes himself. The comedy, particularly his ingenious inventions, is great. Then too, Jeanne Aubert, Jack Powell, and Lawrence Gray are in it.

**Of Thee I Sing:** Book by George Kaufman, music by the Gershwins, and Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Satirizes the life of Washington.

**The Animal Kingdom:** Leslie Howard in a new play by Philip Barry, staged by Gilbert Miller. A wonderful evenings entertainment.



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"I'm sorry to hear that Jim has the hookworm."  
"Yeah, he turned out to be a kleptomaniac."

—Punch Bowl

—BURR—

She: "I'm afraid I'm just a mistake."  
He: "Well, we all make mistakes."

—Punch Bowl

—BURR—

Words are inadequate, kisses are unsanitary, but  
love still finds a way.

—The Battalion

—BURR—

This girl had to be handled with kid gloves—her  
husband is a finger print expert.

—Bison

The old fashioned girl who used to love to dance,  
now has a girl that dances to love.

—The Battalion

—BURR—

### PUPPY LOVE

My reasoning may be unound,  
But by Almighty God above,  
I'd hate to meet the full-grown hound  
If this is only puppy love!

Princeton Tiger

—BURR—

Then there is the sad circumstances of the young  
Miss who won a bathing beauty contest in Carriage,  
Colo.

—Octopus

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**ANTHONY FLUNKED HIS EXAMS**

(Continued from Page 9)

long is you vacation? And what's more he needed the horse radish. Any way, Anthony had one whale of a good time during the whole house party and often dropped in on Cleo.

But Anthony had flunked his second exam. He had yielded all too quickly to the lure of Cleopatra's charms. Even this noble Roving man was not too much for her.

So you see these exams we come up against can be the most intriguing things. Its just a matter of choosing the right ones. And when you get handed an exam, don't get sour on the world; be like Anthony, and get a kick out of it no matter what happens.

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate" dancing for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chappie, they marry afterwards, don't they?"

Buccaneer

—BURR—

Crabby Patient: "Are you a trained nurse?"

Nurse: "Why, certainly I am."

Crabby Patient: "Then let's see you do some tricks."

—Wampus

—BURR—

Prof: Name a snake that strikes with mathematical precision.

Phi Bete: An adder, sir.

—Wampus

## COLD DOPE

(Continued from Page 17)

With the return of Captain Shanker, Pete Peck who has been wrestling out of his class, will return to the 165-lb. class, displacing Phil Rauch. Peck has never been defeated in intercollegiate competition and is a decided favorite to retain his eastern 165-lb. championship. He threw Haight, of Syracuse, in his first bout this year but failed to throw his man at Princeton, largely because he wasn't exerting himself.

Shaw, last year's 135-lb. champion, Bishop, at 145 pounds, and Hirschberg, if he can get by Rotan, the Yale heavy, seem to have more than an even chance to win titles in the championship matches. Shaw has been having his difficulties but he has managed to win both his early bouts and is improving rapidly. Bishop, in a few years, will be one of the best wrestlers in the country. He is fast, strong, brainy, and modest. With these assets he sizes up as a sure bet, Rotan had the Indian sign on the Lehigh heavyweight last year, but Hirschberg looks much better now and should come very close to flattening the Eli representative. Sokolis, captain-elect of the Penn grid team, will also be a strong contender.

At this stage, Lehigh seems well on her way towards the title. Navy and Cornell will offer plenty of opposition in dual meets, but Billy Sheridan's individual champions should give the Brown and White another eastern intercollegiate team championship.

—BURR—

Visitor: "Where does this lane lead to?"

Native: "Well, it's led half of the young folks around these parts into trouble."

—Annapolis Log

Gunnery Officer: "See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?"

Gunner: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"

—Army and Navy Journal

—BURR—

Junkman: "Any rags, paper or old iron?"

Student (simply): "I'm a college man."

Junkman: "My mistake—any bottles?"

—Bison

—BURR—

Butch: "Why is a chickens neck like a doorbell?"

Spike: "Well, I'll bite; tell me."

Butch: "You ring them both."

—Wampus

—BURR—

Angry Wife: "Very well, now I have a Frigidaire—see what you can do about a mechanical stenographer."

—Rice Owl

—BURR—

Doris: "I wouldn't let him kiss me for a minute."

May: "No. It'd hardly be worth while—for a minute."

—Punch Bowl

—BURR—

"Sir, I'm engaged!"

The girl did wheeze;

"When you squeeze my waist

You waste your squeeze."

—Widow

—BURR—

She: "Would you rather be rich or handsome?"

He: "I'd like to be rich too."

—Wampus

—BURR—

"Times may be hard, but the clock manufacturers still do an alarming business."

—Widow

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Prof: Define a detour.

Trig Major: The roughest distance between two points.

—Wampus

—BURR—

She: What do you think of "Il Penseroso?"

He: I always smoke Cremo's.

—Wampus

—BURR—

Judge: Do you wish to challenge any of the jurors?

Al Capone: Well, your honor, I'll fight that bald headed duck on the end.

—Wampus

—BURR—

Pledge (In amateur play): "I object to going on right after that monkey act."

Director: "Well, perhaps you're right. They may think it's an encore."

—Wampus

—BURR—

Every man has his price and every woman her figure. Thank God they are not proportionate.

—Aggrievator

And then there was the butler who had been in the family for so long that he was serving his third degeneration.

—Wampus

—BURR—

Father: "Why do you have dates with that girl?"

Son: "Because I want to."

Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"

—Voo Doo

—BURR—

I was getting a room at the Bulgmore last week when a young couple from upstate approached the clerk and asked for a room.

Clerk: "Inside or outside room, sir?"

Visitor: "Inside; it looks like rain."

—Wampus

—BURR—

He (over phone): "Is this the Salvation Army?"

The Salvation Nelly: "Yes."

He: "Do you save bad women?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."

—Univ. of Buffalo

—BURR—

History Prof: "Name the smallest soldier in history."

Frosh: "The guard who slept on his watch."

—Wampus



When You Want to Look Your Very Best . . .

# REACH FOR YOUR "EDWARD"



Don't afflict your friends' eyes with ordinary clothes. If the occasion calls for faultless appearance reach for your Edward Suit.

Now college men enjoy cus-

tom-tailoring luxury without annihilating the monthly allowance. Edward custom-tailors clothes of the finest fabrics at prices which leave plenty left for a drawer full of new shirts and ties.

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● Harris Tweed Sport Suits, made to measure, in rich tobacco browns, heather and lovatt shades, \$28.75

## EDWARD CLOTHES

EDWARD TAILORING CO., INC.  
Tom Bass, Mgr.



518 MAIN STREET  
BETHLEHEM

★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



Back in the days when football players gloried in unshorn locks and the Flying Wedge, many a shoe string tie peeped from beneath a collar like this. It may look a bit goofy to you today—but remember! Your Dad probably wore a collar like this—and won approving glances from the girl who was to become your Mother. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



Here is the Arrow Trump—the shirt that sets the style for 1932. Made of a specially woven broadcloth, the Trump has carefully tailored shoulders—correct arm lengths—a shirt front that lies as smooth as a summer sea—and a collar with the trim, smart fit that only Arrow can achieve. In white, stripes and plain colors. The Trump is America's best shirt value at \$1.95.

Arrow Shirts stay their original size because they are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process. The only process of its kind. The Sanforizing Process guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered.

And that fit is worth retaining. For every Arrow Shirt is tailored perfectly throughout. And you can get your correct sleeve lengths in Arrow Shirts, and they stay correct forever.

And every Arrow Shirt has a collar that has been the despair of other shirt makers. For Arrow—maker of over four billion collars—knows more about putting fit and style and trimness into a collar than anyone else in the world. When you're buying shirts, be sure to look for the Arrow label. Remember, it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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*ARROW SHIRTS* *SANFORIZED*  
*SHRUNK*

*Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back*





